

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1855.

NUMBER 30.

Christian Spiritualist,

PUBLISHED BY

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday

except on public holidays. Two Dollars per annum

in advance. Single Copies—Five Cents.

Advertisements for five subscribers, to one

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Hence it will appear that we have no occasion for gold or silver, which perisheth with the using, but the currency of *moral and intellectual* worth, coined in the mint of divine love, and assayed by the standards of purity and truth. Our bank, whose charter is eternal, and whose notes are never subject to fluctuations and always payable on demand, is none other than the great bank of heaven, whose capital stock consists of an infinitude of love, mercy and benevolence of which our Heavenly Father is president and director, and in which his beloved children, the whole human family, are shareholders.

With regard to the social constitutions of the "spheres," each is divided into six circles or societies, in which kindred and congenial Spirits are united and subsist together agreeably with the law of affinity.

Although the members of each society unite as near as may be on the same plan, agreeing in the most prominent moral and intellectual features, yet it will be found, on careful analysis, that the varieties of character in each society are almost infinite—being as numerous as the persons who compose the circle.

Each society has teachers from those above, and not unfrequently from the higher spheres, whose province it is to impart to us the knowledge acquired from their instructions and experience in different departments of science, and which we in turn transmit to those below. Thus, by receiving and giving knowledge, our moral and intellectual faculties are expanded to higher conceptions and more exalted views of the great Creator whose almighty power is no less displayed in the constitution of Spirit worlds than in that of the countless resplendent orbs of space.

We do not, as many persons in the rudimental state imagine, abandon the studies which we commenced on earth, which would presuppose the loss of our reasoning powers and our consequent inferiority to ourselves; but, on the contrary, we go on progressing in knowledge and wisdom, and shall progress throughout the boundless ages of eternity. You being chained down to earth by the law of gravitation are comparatively limited in your resources for information; but we having arrived at a higher sphere of thought and action, and having a more extensive field of vision, can soar higher and further into the wonderful workings of that mysterious Being, who owing to the infinity of his perfections, must be forever in advance of us, his finite creatures, and to whom, of course, we can bear no relative proportion.

Our scientific researches and investigations are extended to all that pertains to the phenomena of universal nature; to all the wonders of the heavens and the earth, and to whatever the mind of man is capable of conceiving; all of which exercise our faculties and form a considerable part of our enjoyments. The noble and sublime sciences of astronomy, chemistry, and mathematics, engage a considerable portion of our attention, and afford us an inexhaustible subject for study and reflection.

In addition to our studies, we have many other sources of intellectual, moral, and heartfelt enjoyments, from which we derive the most ineffable pleasure, one of which is social reunions and convivial meetings; a coming together of dear friends, brothers, sisters, children and parents; where the liveliest emotion and tenderest affections of our nature are excited, and the fondest and most endearing reminiscences are awakened; where Spirit meets in unison with Spirit, and heart beats responsive to heart.

Yet individuals united by the ties of consanguinity are not always linked together, even here, by the golden chain of love and benevolent affection, since it not unfrequently happens that there is much more harmony existing among those who are not members of the same family. Notwithstanding that persons who were intimately acquainted with each other in the natural world, and those who are akin, may be and often are separated, sometimes for long periods, still they do occasionally meet together; those in the higher degrees and spheres passing to the lower, while those in the latter never ascend to the former till fully prepared for such a transition, agreeably to the fixed and unalterable laws of progression. The periods of such separations vary according to the relative gradations of intellectual and moral qualities in each.

The peculiar connections and relations of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and all the minor ties of consanguinity, must be forever maintained, although there may be an indefinite interruption to the harmonious play of their affinities. As regards the institution of marriage, I would observe that on earth it is a civil contract entered into by two persons, male and female, mutually or otherwise, as the case may be, for and during the term of their natural lives, but which is legally annulled on the demise of either party: so that whether or not it be renewed in the Spiritual world, is determined by choice, not obligation.

Celestial marriage, however, is quite a different affair; it is the blending of two minds in one, resulting from an innate reciprocal love in each; a conjunction of negative and positive principles, forming a true and indissoluble bond of Spiritual union, which human legislation cannot reach—a marriage which is born of God, and is therefore eternal. It is often asked, "Will all be married in heaven?" I answer, Yes, most assuredly; it never was designed for man to be alone either on earth or in heaven; each will seek and find their counterpart.

Evil or misdirected Spirits find their affinities in the second sphere, where the lowest and most undeveloped are associated together, and remain for indefinite periods, but with all the moral depravity and darkness with which they are enveloped, through the benign influence exerted over their perceptive and rational faculties, by higher intelligences, each begins to feel, sooner or later, the low and degraded position he occupies; moreover, finding new means of progress, and new sources of contemplation as well as delight, and his capacity of making perpetual advancement in knowledge, his intellectual faculties become gradually expanded, and his moral powers increased. Hence the grovelling propensities of his nature yielding to the dictates of reason, his grosser passions subside, causing him to aspire to higher associations and circumstances, which in turn beget new wants, thoughts, and feelings.

We have no sectarian or ecclesiastical feuds; no metaphysical dogmas; nor are we troubled with those insatiable cravings and inordinate ambitions, so often manifested by mortals; nor have we any taxation for religion, the voluntary contribution of intellectual and moral minds being its meet support.

We derive much pleasure from the exercise of our talents in vocal and instrumental music which far exceeds the noblest efforts of musical genius on earth. When we convene to worship God in our temples, whose halls and columns beam with inherent celestial light, our voices are blended together in songs of praise and adoration to the Almighty Author of our existence, from whom all blessings are derived.

From what has been stated, it may be perceived that we are moral, intellectual, and sensitive creatures. Instead of being, as many of you imagine, mere shadowy and unsubstantial entities, we are possessed of definite, tangible, and exquisitely symmetrical forms, with well-rounded and graceful limbs, and yet so light and elastic that we can glide through the atmosphere with almost electric speed. The forked lightnings may flash and the thunders roll in awful reverberation along the vault of heaven, and the rain descend in gushing torrents; nevertheless, by the mere act of volition, we may stand unharmed at your side.

We are, moreover, endowed with all the beauty, loveliness, and vivacity of youth, and are clothed in flowing vestments of effulgent nature suited to the particular degree of refinement of our bodies. Our raiment being composed of phosphorescent principles, we have the power of attracting and absorbing or reflecting the rays evolved, according as our condition is more or less developed. This accounts for our being seen by clairvoyants in different degrees of brightness, from a dusky hue to the most intensely brilliant light.

The Spiritual body is a perfect human form, originating in, and analogous to, the corporeal organization in its several parts, functions, and relations. The heart beats in rhythmic pulsations, the lungs fulfill their office of respiration, and the brain generates its vitalized magnetic fluid, whose life-giving currents permeate every portion of the Spiritual organism. Man in the rudimental state is tripartite, consisting of soul and spirit and flesh; but in the spheres a quality, consisting of soul and spirit. Having approached the portals of death, he disrobes himself of the exterior form as he would put away a worn-out garment. The gross and cumbersome physical machine, which was given for the purpose of developing his more beautiful and excellent Spiritual body, and of bringing him into more immediate relationship with the outward world, can serve his purposes no longer.

Beside the topics adverted to, I will briefly call your attention to a few of the most prominent among the beneficial results which will flow from Spiritual inter-communion. It will settle the important question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" It will reduce the fact of the immortality of the human spirit to a certainty, so that the world's knowledge of the fact will not be the result of a blind faith, but a positive philosophy. It will show the relation existing between mind and matter. It will make men thinking and rational beings. It will establish a holy and most delightful intercourse between the inhabitants of the terrestrial world and their departed Spirit friends. It will expand and liberalize the mind far beyond your present conceptions. It will fraternize and unite all the members of the human family in an everlasting bond of Spiritual union and harmonious brotherhood. It will establish the principles of love to God and your fellows. It will do away with sectarian bigotry. It will show that many of the so-called religious teachings are but impositions on the credulity of mankind, being founded on the grossest absurdities and palpable ignorance of the nature of things. It will give man higher and infinitely more exalted views of God, and bring him into closer communion with the author of his being. It will do away completely with the sting of death, and rob the grave of its terrors. It will teach the eternal progression of the soul, and show that the time is fast approaching when the moral condition of the race is to be vastly improved; when error is to be abolished and truth is to take its place; when the glory of the Lord is to be revealed and all flesh shall see it together! In fine, it will be a help to the soul in the hour of its adversity, and enable it to bear up under affliction with noble and heroic fortitude; and when about to launch his bark on the river of eternal life for the fair and beautiful land of promise, it will be its stay and sheet-anchor.

Your father,
THE SPIRIT MARIA'S NARRATIVE.

As I said to you on a former occasion, I felt like one just awaking from a deep sleep induced by the deadening influence of an opiate. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses. On partially regaining my consciousness, I recollected having been sick, and the anxiety of my friends for my restoration to health; and I wondered at the sudden change in my feelings. Those racking pains I experienced had all fled, and I felt a newness of life which was truly delightful. Indistinct and shadowy forms flitted before me. On closely inspecting them I perceived that they were my departed friends. It was then that I fully realized the change in my condition. My first and greatest concern was for those who seemed so inconsolable at my loss, and for whom I still entertained the most devoted love and affection. My vision becoming gradually clearer, I perceived among the group my brother William ready to receive me. He was clothed in a garment of living light, and closely resembles you, dear father, in form and features. He addressed me in the following language: "Welcome, thrice welcome, my beloved sister, to the regions of immortality! I have been your guardian angel through life, and have looked forward with pleasure to this happy reunion." I was now informed by him that I must leave my treasures on earth. This gave me some uneasiness, but being assured that I should visit them again, I cheerfully accompanied him in his upward flight.

Surprise and delight pervaded my existence when I beheld those friends bound to me by the ties of consanguinity ready to receive me and fold me to their hearts. Gliding swiftly upward, on gaining an elevation of some sixty miles from the earth's surface, we passed into the second sphere; on entering which a tremor seized me. A moral darkness pervaded the atmosphere, which renders it gloomy and uncomfortable in the extreme. The inhabitants are dark and dismal in their appearance, and are continually tortured with the pangs of a guilty conscience. Here disorder and confusion reign supreme, each Spirit vying with the other in rendering discord more discordant. We passed on rapidly, leaving the second sphere and its undeveloped inhabitants behind.

On approaching the third sphere, we were met by a company of angels from the seventh sphere, among whom I recognized my brothers who died in infancy. They had attained the stature of men. I now felt that law of affinity which binds us so closely together drawing me toward them, and I was enabled at once to single them out from the multitude which accompanied them. With smiles they greeted me, saying, "Welcome, dear sister; another link is added to the chain of love which binds us together. One by one they shall be removed from earth till the chain is completed here."

We next entered the third sphere, where comparative order reigns. There I perceived many Spirits intently listening to a teacher, whose theme was the subject of progression. Anxiously desiring to reach my destiny, we quickly passed to the fourth sphere. How different the scene! every thing looked bright and beautiful to my enraptured sight. It seemed like an enchanted land. Thousands of flowers scented the air with their odoriferous perfume, and rapturous strains of music thrilled me with delight! We now approached a beautiful temple, devoted to the science of the harmony of sounds. In it music in all its departments is taught. O, father, could you hear the master-spirits of song, who lived ages ago on earth, attuning their instruments to harmony, your senses would become entranced. Music, being conceived in heaven, is sent forth to earth to elevate man, and attract him to our great and beneficent Father. I perceived that the fourth sphere was to be my abiding place for the present.

On my return to the second sphere, it looked somewhat different to me, for, having lost my fear, I could more closely inspect the place and its inhabitants. The country, as far as my vision could penetrate, seemed like a vast desert, without a green spot to relieve the eye. Its denizens are seen straggling here and there, with no fixed object in view. All are seeking to minister to their perverted tastes. Some are holding forth in loud tones, and painting in false and gaudy colors the joy of their home; others, who occupied high stations on earth, hang their heads in confusion, and would fain hide themselves from view; but they are taunted with rude jests, and told that their "pride of position will avail them nothing here."

One heart-sickening feature of this place is the absence of children. No purity can exist where such evils abound. "The loud laugh, which bespeaks the vacant mind," is heard pealing forth in derision, as the teachers from the higher spheres approach the motley group. Some, in whom the work of regeneration has commenced, are seen ascending the spiral stairway of progress which leads to the third sphere.

The beauty of the third sphere far transcends that of earth. The scenery is endlessly diversified with Spiritual objects, corresponding to things of your planet. Mountains and valleys, hills and dales, rivers and lakes, and trees and plants, lend their enchantment to the scene. The inhabitants of this sphere are anxious for instruction. The teachers from the higher degrees are listened to with profound respect and attention.

I saw many persons whom I knew in the rudimental state. I met a Spirit yesterday whom I have seen in your company before he left the form. I felt attracted to him. On approaching him, he smilingly said, "Why do you take such an interest in me, fair being? I know you not." "True," I replied, "but I saw you in my father's company before you left the earth, and was present once

when my brother gave you a communication, which, by the way, you received with much incredulity; therefore, I feel constrained to speak to you." He thanked me, saying, "I never believed in the immortality of the soul; consequently, it was not strange that I should doubt the Spirits." "Your skepticism," I replied, "was honest; therefore you will rise much sooner in the scale of progression. A sincere unbelief is better than false professions." Here I left him, and followed a multitude who were just entering a magnificent temple, where a teacher was to address them. This structure is immensely large and exquisitely symmetrical in its proportions. Many stately columns support its roof, each surmounted by a cap of chaste design. The material of this temple is similar in appearance to alabaster, but transparent. The seats are semi-circular, forming an amphitheatre, in the centre of which stood the speaker, Channing. With uplifted hands he invoked God's blessing on all mankind. With what breathless attention all listened to the glowing words of eloquence which fell from his lips! This is the true worship of the soul. His text was: "The light that is within you." He dwelt at some length on the importance of self-elevation, as a means of progressing others. He spoke of the moral bond of union which binds the race together. "When one individual," said he, "is degraded, all must suffer." His discourse abounded with clear and energetic thought.

As we passed from this temple, I met my friend of yesterday. He remarked that he had learned much from the speaker who had just addressed us. He said that his mind, before entering the spheres, had been much troubled about the future, although light had begun to dawn on his mental horizon. "Hope," said he, "with her cheering countenance, had almost deserted me, and the world appeared like a dreary wilderness. Sick and disheartened, I laid me down to recruit my exhausted energies. An unconscious period intervened, and then burst on my enraptured vision the glorious morning of the resurrection in all its loveliness; and with it came a bright messenger of light to bear me onward and upward to the boundless regions of progressive wisdom, where my untrammelled Spirit can soar aloft to study the wondrous works of Almighty God."

In the fourth sphere the scenery is characterized by still more beautiful landscapes; the grass appears of a greener green, and the flowers are more gorgeous in their hue, and the birds sing still more sweetly. Shall I lead you to this parterre? Here you perceive the lily with its almond-shaped leaves, and stamens delicately tinted with the faintest crimson; by its side is the blushing rose. Here you observe the myrtle, the emblem of love, and the passion-flower, which speaks of a deathless passion. All have an interior language which Spirits alone can fully comprehend. The trees here are somewhat different from those on earth. This is a strange-looking one. Its trunk is very straight, and runs up to an immense height without branches; its top surmounted by tufts of beautiful spiral-shaped silvery leaves; by its side stands one of very different appearance, whose depending branches, like the graceful willow, bend beneath their wealth of leaves, courting one to repose beneath their grateful shade. Here, too, are sparkling streams, murmuring cascades, and gushing fountains, and trees bending beneath their load of golden fruit; and here are temples devoted to the arts and sciences.

Now, dear father, let not a school on earth rise up before your imagination. Our schools and systems of instruction differ widely from those in the rudimental sphere, inasmuch as they are far more beautiful. We use neither books nor charts, but the spirit or substance of each subject is presented to the student, whose mind at once perceives its internal meaning. In this way are solved the most difficult problems.

Let us enter this building devoted to the teachers from the seventh sphere. See the multitude thronging its portals. Before we enter, let us glance at its exterior. It is circular in form, and beautiful in its architectural design. Its spiral columns are entwined with the richest flowers, which yield a delicious fragrance. As you enter this temple, its fretted vaults resound with the soft harmonious symphonies of Spirit voices. In the midst of the group stands the teacher, Melancthon, who suffered in the cause of religious freedom. His countenance is mild and angelic, but he still retains that fearless spirit which characterized him on earth.

Here comes a band of beautiful children carrying wreaths of flowers in their hands. They are singing, and they lead by the hand a lovely child just escaped from earth. How happy it seems! It is quite unconscious of the change in its condition.

Let us now wend our way to the fifth sphere. This state is in a still greater degree heavenly. As far as the eye can reach are seen lovely villas, magnificent temples, forest-crowned hills, and gently undulating plains. Let us go up this avenue, shaded with lofty sycamores; this is the residence of H. K. White. How enchanting the spot! It is a low cottage embosomed in the midst of trees and flowers, which, by interlacing, form beautiful arbors with arched entrances. The grounds about this dwelling are skillfully and tastefully laid out. The clematis and honeysuckle entwine their tendrils around the trellis-work of the door. Let us enter. Statues of the most exquisite finish fill the niches; couches and divans of various forms and singular devices grace the rooms, and carpets of the softest texture and most brilliant dyes cover the floors. It is, indeed, the beau ideal of a poet's home. In this sphere dwell Canning, Ballou, Murray, the Wesleys, Byron, Burns, Moore, Shelley,

Scott, and Hahnemann, the founder of your school, who is still engaged in the investigation of scientific truths. I speak of these persons in particular, because I am personally acquainted with them, being attracted to them by a congeniality of feeling. The sixth state or sphere far transcends the most gorgeous picture of oriental splendor. So lovely are the scenes presented to the view there, that I cannot impress your mind with anything like a just conception of them. I receive my ideas of the fifth, sixth and seventh spheres from the Spirits who dwell therein, having never visited them in person. What a magnificent panorama is there presented to the Spirit's gaze! There are colossal temples, and "houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." As far as the vision can extend may be seen cities and palaces, whose lofty domes sparkle like diamonds in the sunbeams of heaven; oceans and seas with which yours are more lakes in comparison; placid lakes and noble rivers winding their interminable way through valleys clothed with perpetual verdure.

There are gardens there of inconceivable beauty, filled with the choicest and most aromatic herbs and flowers, and birds with every conceivable variety of plumage. The parks are of great magnitude, and abound with the most beautiful animals. The swift antelope, the wild gazelle, and the graceful deer are seen ranging over the flowery plains. There the lion and the lamb lie down together in peaceful innocence. There are congregated millions of Spirits, who are associated together like a harmonious and happy family. The vales are vocal with celestial melody, and the air is redolent with the perfume of flowers.

How shall I describe to you the transcendent glory of the seventh sphere? Let us contemplate it. In it all the beauties and joys of the lower degrees are combined, but in a much more refined and sublimated form. There dwell the Spirits of the just made more perfect. Innumerable companies of children, which constitute the infant army of heaven, are singing in gladness strains the love of Him who called them into being, causing the atmosphere to resound with harmonious shouts of joy. There dwells Jesus of Nazareth, the great moral reformer, and "John the beloved." There reside the apostles, prophets and martyrs of olden time. There live Confucius, Seneca, Plato, Socrates and Solon, with all the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome.

That sphere is illumined by the refulgent beams of heaven's great central sun, in whose genial warmth and golden flood of living light Spirits find life eternal.

From the Central Illusion.
THE AGE OF FACT.

Two more asteroids have been added to the thirty-three already discovered between Mars and Jupiter. Bilk, of Prussia, and Goldsmith, of France, first caught sight of these little globes.

Ours is a fast-collecting age. Science and art have a settled place in the world. All our philosophies and systems recognise their agency and usefulness, and cheerfully accord to them.

"A local habitation and a name."

Thus it happens that scientific labor has come at last to be divided into departments, and these departments subdivided into sections. Each man selects his own little plat of ground, and becomes an expert in its cultivation. The numbers thus at isolated work are daily increasing, and vast is the aggregate of facts which have been brought together. Steam ploughs the universal sea and land. The "lightnings of heaven" are

"Cabled, cribbed, confined,"

to a number Eight wire, and travel in straight lines; observatories are erected in every part of the civilized world; the winds are watched on the land and on the seas; the temperature of the earth is recorded from the equator to the farthest attainable position toward the poles; the waters that wash the poles are themselves ready to be laid down in charts; the barometer and needle are transported over the whole surface of the globe, and their fluctuations noted in its deepest caves and mines, and on the summits of its highest mountains. Let any one turn over the reports of our permanent scientific associations, and he will appreciate the skill, the minute and exact knowledge, displayed in every department.

Great are the advantages of this

Does it not follow that the soul would not be confined by the air-tight and apparently impenetrable metallic vessel?

It is believed by many, and it is taught by the inhabitants of the invisible world, that Spirit can pass through material substances. Every man who professes to be a Spiritualist must believe, that when a human being dies his Spirit departs from the body, and enters upon a new state of existence. Where, and how, does it go? Where does it exist? It is a known fact that one of the two nearest of the fixed stars is a double star, consisting of two suns, which, though they are six thousand millions of miles apart, are so remote that they appear as a single being, but a single star. The fixed stars, being so far distant from the earth, it is reasonably supposed that the Spirits of men inhabiting this planet will go to them; and why should they go to the other planets which are so much nearer?

It is a general belief that the heavens are above, and that the earth is below; and that the spirits of men, when they die, go to the heavens, and that the earth is below. The word "above" has a relative signification.

It may be supposed that the Spiritual spheres are everywhere above; that is, they are concentric bands going around the earth, leaving between them intervals in which the Spirit-world exists. It is observed, however, that there is nothing like a partition. The Spirits ascertain their proper place by the force of constitution; by merit, and by the force of Spiritual gravity, merit being inversely as merit.

Beliefs in immortality have generally entertained vague notions concerning Heaven, that, being the consequent inability to give to others a comprehensible view of it, another class of materialists have become disbelievers in the existence of any such place. But Spirits are enabled those who have given ear to their communications, to give a specific account of the locality of the Spirit-world, and to understand something of its nature. The speaker would remark that, as there is no highest sphere of the soul, but that there is above that a supernal Heaven, where the spirits of men do not yet reach, but that he felt as though if he could obtain a glimpse of a state of progression as they are now, he could be satisfied, for then he would be free from the place he is in, the Spirit-world. He has experienced the highest and purest state of existence, and he would be able to quench his thirst for knowledge, literature, science—everything to the high-minded human being aspires, and he would be able to hate decay. Nothing is so grand as striking to the speaker, in his communications with his Spirit-friends, than their declaration; and often when they had communicated with him, his bosom had steeled with the same emotions that he would have felt if he had been clothed in the earth-form.

At this point a gentleman in the audience, asked to speak why, if through the instrumentality of Spirits he could transact his bank business, he did not discover the whereabouts of fifty thousand dollars which have been lost by Adams' Express Company? to which he replied that Spirits do not mix themselves up much with pecuniary matters; and that although a Spirit-sister might make an inquiry respecting the business of her brother, for the purpose of enabling him to pay his debts, or to get his money, he would not do so for the benefit of his health, it did not seem that Spirits were to become the agents of a broker or broker, who might desire to use them. He observed that there was a positive party, although they had assumed the name of "Know-Nothing," had proved themselves to know that fact; but that the Spiritualists had now to do with real home nothings. (Laughter.) More than half of his time had been taken in speaking of Spiritualism, in instructing the ignorant, and in correcting the errors into which persons fall, who have not taken time to inform themselves. In speaking of the many difficulties which sometimes attend the getting of Spiritual communications, he said he had known a medium to be wholly disqualified for such a purpose by ill usage. While a man was in great need of money, and could not do so, he would spend his time without being remunerated for it, his good-natured engaged his services as a medium for a certain length of time, but at the end of their interview with her, they went away without paying her usual compensation, she having been so much deficient to allude to it. While thus engaged, not a single communication could be received through her mediumship; yet subsequently, when she had not been wronged, and that she had paid the money to her husband, all her powers were returned, and she became a good medium again. So delicate are the conditions necessary to be observed by media, that extreme hot weather sometimes incapacitates them for being used by Spirits as instruments through which to communicate to mortals. He had been very anxious that the mediumship which he had witnessed should be a blessing to the public, but he had found that the delicate of the conditions mediums would be required to, in order to insure success, when they displayed of the phenomena precariously, and that an audience assembling for the purpose of seeing them, would be very liable to be disappointed. He once delivered a lecture on Spiritualism at a village when he took with him his wife and Mrs. Gourlay accompanied him and his wife. A large number of the inhabitants of the place assembled. Immediately after the lecture he seated herself at her instrument, a Spirit-communications was done. The speaker inquired through his spirit-scope the cause of death of the Spirit who had been communicating with him. He desired to rebuke his son who was in the audience, and was unwilling to do so, as he would not consent to his doing so, but that now the difficulty was settled, and that he had consented to his rebuking his son, and that he should not mention his name, thereupon a rebuke was given, which was so potent and impressive. A difficulty frequently occurring in obtaining communications, on account of the great number of Spirits rising to communicate. The greater the number of people, the greater the number of Spirits. He was once informed by a Spirit that there were more Spirits present than mortals. The Spirits crowd where any interesting thing to the cause of Spiritualism is the thing. Mrs. Gourlay had rarely sat at the instrument, but that the father, mother, aunt, or other relative of each member of the circle, was present.

I returned to him to try how far the interposition of his hand would interfere with the powers of the medium, and he resorted. To his surprise, he found that it very much impaired the action of the medium by the officiating Spirit. It next occurred to him to ascertain how far a diminution of contact, between his hand and that of the medium, would impair the power exercised under these conditions. In pursuance of his request, the contact was diminished by successively lifting the fingers of the hand from the rest of the hand from the rest of the hand, and yet the power of actuation still remained to exist, though enfeebled. The officiating Spirit, his friend W. W., now made a party to this investigation, being requested to examine the effects as well as himself.

He placed the medium to pick up a pair of gloves which lay on the table, and, holding the hand between the fingers and thumb, and by the force of the back of his hand. An increase of power was manifested to his observation and that of W. W.

At a subsequent sitting, having made due preparation, a strip of sheet, about two inches wide and fifteen inches in length being applied to the back of his hand while resting on the base-board of the spirit-scope, the medium held it successfully at various distances. Under these circumstances, the medium was greater as the distance between her hand and his was diminished.

A plate of glass of about four inches square, in contact between the palm of the hand of the medium, and the back of his, interrupted the power entirely, but neither cork, nor a metallic plate of a similar size, much reduced the power.

Certain phenomena, occasionally observed with mediums, are, as by Schouben, supposed to be due to a peculiar gaseous element which he called ozone. Afterward, by Berzelius and others, the phenomena in question were attributed to a peculiar state of oxygen. Ozone, however, may be the

scrutable, vital air of the Spiritual world, which, although permeating our atmosphere, and participating in the support of life, usually escapes detection from its impalpability. It is assumed that there is a temporal ether which produces, by its undulations light, by its vibrations heat, and by its polarization electricity; and the Spirits allege that there is an ether appropriate to their universe, endowed with analogous attributes. The Professor surmised that by communion with the higher Spirits, much might be learned, which would give greater precision and efficacy to medical practice.

THE MIDNIGHT VISIT.
BY W. H. C. HOMER.

The fire is smouldering in the grate,
The clock strikes twelve—the hour is late:
But airy tongues and voices speak,
And how can I my pillow seek?
I am not lonely, for the dead
Are near me with their soundless tread;
And thanks to some mysterious power
That summons them at midnight hour!
A cherub with a radiant brow,
And cheek of rose, is with me now;
Her features palpable to vision,
Her head enwreathed with flowers elysian.
Has Death, relenting, chided asked?
Thy beauty to my arms restored?
Or, art thou but some phantom vain,
Born of the visionary brain?
Who says the winds of autumn rave
Around her lone and unmarked grave?
It cannot be illustrious wild—
It is my little Bess—my child!
And by my side a mother stands,
Not shrouded, and with folded hands,
But as she looked in other years,
When joy was mine, not useless tears.
Her kiss is warm upon my lips;
Those eyes cannot have known eclipse,
But on my cheek as kindly beams
As when they watched my cradle-dreams:
Ah! who one died ere time and woe
Had dashed his dark, brown locks with snow,
Moves toward me, with an outstretched hand—
A wanderer from the "silent land."
Earth, rounded under southern skies,
Fresh on his narrow dwelling lies,
And near the couch of his repose
The deep, dark Mississippi flows:
Frigid Philosophy may say
"The Dead forever pass away,
And come not back, although we yearn,
With breaking hearts, for their return.
My brother's form in air would fade
If nothing but a fleeting shade,
Though something, not of earth, I trace
In the dimmed outlines of his face.
Lo! others who, in calm and strife,
Once trod with me the road of life,
Start up from Death's unlighted cave—
The young, the strong, the fair, the brave—
And greet me, though their hands are cold,
With the familiar ways of old.
Welcome! ye pilgrims from a clime
Beyond this fading realm of Time;
Thrice welcome, for my soul was sad
Until your presence made it glad!
And in the poet's darkened room
Made luminous with love the gloom,
Hark! watchmen, pacing on their rounds,
Hear not voices so disturbing sounds,
And send forth voices of affliction,
Dreaded and broken by the night,
That made the Dead—ah! loved too well!
For one brief moment visible.

THE SPIRIT'S BIRTH.
[The following lines are said to have been spoken impromptu by the Rev. T. L. Harris, a Spiritualist Medium at a gathering in Philadelphia, a few days ago.]

As roses turn in time to mold,
So outward forms that men behold,
Expire, and end in beauty's flight,
And vanish from our outward sight.
As roses that in springtime bloom,
Unfolding, deathless, o'er the tomb,
The hearts we love unfold more bright,
More beautiful, in the heavenly light.
There is no death—'tis but a shade.
Be not of outward loss afraid;
There is no death—it is a birth—
A rising heavenward from the earth!
The calmest life that mortals know
Is fierce as tempests when they blow
O'er stormy seas, compared with ours,
Who dream 'mid heaven's immortal bowers.
The wildest war that mortals find,
Is like a shadow—'tis confined
Within the little ring of time—
Our joys unfold in life divine.
Sharing that life's unbounded span,
Eternity is thine, oh man!
Think of the future as a sphere
Where roses blossom all the year!

(For the Christian Spiritualist.)

ADVICE TO MEDIUMS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

Mind is a unit, and in its nature comprehends all things within itself. It is so constituted that its operations are various under different conditions. It makes itself that which it is by its surroundings.

Media consequently partake of the elementary compounds of all their contacts. They are not capable of resisting those influences, if they were they would not be media. It is true they may be positive to influences if they are capable of overcoming them, but their resistance to a present evil induces a positiveness which tends to prevent the negative condition required to produce the designed effect.

Mediums that are extremely negative must necessarily be affected with the sphere of their surroundings. They cannot control those surrounding influences while in that condition, and if previous arrangements are not made by them and maintained by others during their operative movements they must suffer, the truth must suffer, and much good be lost in the effort.

It is but an effort which is oft made by Spirits to control their media, for these very reasons: and could those who are engaged in these investigations behold the unfavorable conditions which are induced from various causes, they would cease their astonishment—that communications are so vague and meaningless.

It then becomes a matter of serious import to obviate and remove these difficulties as far as possible, and to relieve all concerned from the falsity of all positions which lead to erroneous conclusions. To effect this, a close, discriminating vigilance must be exercised by all. Media alone cannot execute. They must have the cooperation of those friends who wish to gain the truth and impart it to others. How often a whole circle is disturbed by the injudicious remark of some one of its members. How often is the medium annoyed by the movement of some one, who considers it a light matter to change their position, even after the influence has begun to operate on all present. The electrical atmosphere is charged by Spirits, and any disarrangement in its condition weakens their power, and disturbs or destroys the force of their operations. Perfect quiet cannot be too strongly enforced upon the minds of all who wish to obtain truthful Spiritual knowledge.

The reasons are obvious, and need not be here analysed. To give instructions relative to the operation of the Spirits, is of little use till the individual or individuals are willing to comply with those requirements. There is much need of a

renovation in all these matters in your midst. It is a subject that demands immediate attention. This article cannot treat of it at length, but in a few suggestions may be made, which may be serviceable to those who feel interested in Spiritual manifestations.

First, There is a great want of harmony in the minds of those composing a circle or assembly. This should be avoided, by all indifference to the form of the manifestation, relying on the power of the Great Controlling Spirit to superintend the arrangements within, while all by the Circle has been previously arranged without.

The least doubt or fear prevents the harmonious influences from the spheres above being felt. The least division of feeling, or of animosity, retards all Spiritual developments in a Spiritual manner. The eager curiosity and undue anxiety indulged in by many, serves to hinder the influence from operating in a natural way, and prevents that which the person was endeavoring to facilitate.

So much might be said upon the nature of communications which are in themselves true, but are made false by the misconstructions put upon them, that patience would be exhausted in the attempt. To define the position of many Spiritualists who are interested in the manifestations, and yet know not how to direct their investigations, or how to control themselves during those investigations, would seem impossible to mortal eye, could mortal eye be able to survey the many circulations which the mind undergoes in its queries and deductions.

The mind seeks the truth, and places itself in a position to gain that truth as it supposes. It takes measures to obtain the desired information. It enters into an investigation of the principles of the modern Spiritual manifestations. It comes in contact with something it does not understand, and straightway pronounces it all a humbug.

Now, is not this foolish since investigation of principles was the design? Causes are concerned in the humbug, if humbug it is, which were sufficiently powerful to produce the humbug.

The animal mind must not revolt at a little discrepancy. The Spiritual mind must not quail before an obstacle of minor importance. Both united must labor together to fathom the mystery that lie concealed beneath the external covering.

The Spiritual medium must be willing to be misunderstood by the material medium, while the material medium must also be willing to be censured and ignored by the Spiritual medium. The circle composed of both cannot harmonize. If all differences of opinion could be laid aside in open discussion at the time—that would not change the condition of the mind. Then let those be sought in organizing circles who are upon the same plane of religious development as well as in mediumship development.

The master mind that controls a circle, (for there is always a mind through which Spirits seek to regulate all circles when they are got up for progress,) should be free from all excitements. His or her mind should be harmonious and clear in itself. It should not be moved by the influences around it, but lifted far away above all thought of externalities, and bathed in one sea of harmonious love. Then will it have power to raise those minds around it into the same heavenly state, and centre all in union in this great blessed focus of oneness. But if this mind subjects itself to the harassments of life and all the little petty annoyances of care and distrust, it will be divested of its superiority, and fail in its attempt to elevate those connected with it.

Spirits can control these matters, only to a limited extent. Mankind have something to do in this work themselves.

The application of the truths which Spirits teach, would serve to remove at the threshold these difficulties. Spiritualists and media are ready to admit the wisdom of the teachings of Spirits, but how few enforce them upon themselves and others in all the rigidity of actual observance. They consider it a light thing to disobey the instructions of their dear, good, guardian Angel, and apologize for so doing in a very cool and fashionable way. But how more than wicked and sinful is it thus to do, after having sought their advice, admitted its worth, and promised to be guided by its behests? Spirits bear and forbear, because they wish to do mortals good; but how much greater might be their usefulness, if those to whom they impart and through whom they operate, would simply obey those requirements, which they acknowledge are just and proper.

All doubtful teachings cast aside, let those only be followed which are generally believed strictly true and elevating in themselves, and Oh, ye media, ye Spiritualist, ye disbeliever, even how much better would ye be in the faithful observance of them. No Spirit, no person would require of any one to comply with a request, which in itself was not appropriate and politic, but when a direction is given through a Spirit advisable to follow, let that direction be held as sacred as the universe of God's law can make it, and remain inviolate on the part of its receiver.

When mediums and Spiritualists will do this—when they will follow the truths as delivered to them, and no more continually disobey their interior monitors, they will have effectually removed the greatest stumbling block that now lies within their pathway.

Will they not do so? Will they not be so consistent as to render to their Spirit friends the things which are theirs, and to their earthly friends the things which are theirs, thus rendering to Cesar the things which are Cesar's, and to God the things which are God's?

It depends upon themselves whether they do this or not. It depends upon the exercise of the will, aided by the Spiritual essence of God's Eternal Law of Immutability.

Oh, let those who would reform the world, first regenerate themselves by adopting those rules of conduct, and those principles of action, which shall entitle them to the respect of those superior intelligences which surround them, and with whom they are requested to cooperate. Let them not content themselves merely with learning the word of truth through an external application, but let them make it the man of their counsel in all their internal monitors, and let them not disobey at the peril of their peace and happiness.

When the pure in heart see God as the wise in heart see Him, then shall both combined lift up a standard that the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail against. Let in one loving soul both become united, and hell nor earth can overturn or annoy.

Let a host thus conditioned join their forces, and the ramparts of error will yield, and truth will display her ensign where all before was darkness.

This work, Oh Spiritualistic medium, is thine to do. Unite thy efforts in a determined zeal with the active cooperation of thy fellow, and ye shall be no more in doubt, in despondency, but light shall shine upon thee in this dawning morn of heavenly visitation, and thou shalt be blest in the consciousness of having assisted the world into the path which "shines more and more unto the perfect Day."

E. E. G.

New York, Nov., 1855.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

**HOURS OF PLEASURE;
OR, WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.**
PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF J. C. W.
CHAPTER I.

"They whisper round my slumbering couch,
They flit around my bed;
And I have listened long and oft
To what the angels said."

When I look back to my early years, thoughts and memories of childhood come thronging—panorama-like, before my "mind's eye," and I feel the soul-telling truths which make me young once more.

"Our early days! how often back
We turn on life's bewildering track;
Go where o'er hill and valley plays
The sunlight of our early days!"

Revisiting the grand and sublime world of Spirits, and beholding again with wonder and admiration the many scenes long since, as I thought, buried in the tomb of oblivion, is to me, now, the most interesting. It seems strange that I did not attach more weight to the numerous unfoldings of the "angel world," than I did; because, the time of which I speak—say, from six to fourteen years of age—was indeed a life Spiritual; impressed so strong and clear upon my soul then, that I marvel now, they should have been numbered among "the things that were," but for twenty years were not! Ridicule, no doubt, had done its part in obliterating from my mind the Spiritual forms of those I saw, and which are now, like their visits, "few and far between." From my first remembrance to my fourteenth year, I was under the rack of nearly all diseases "that flesh is heir to." I became tired of life, and being "weary of these worldly bars," I wished to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and wing my flight to realms I then "knew not of"—or, at least, very little. Oh, how I longed to die! Dying daily, but not dead! Life to me was a thousand deaths! Once, during an epidemic, so anxious was I to leave this "vale of tears," I visited every one I knew, that was sick, with the hope of contracting the disease; praying devoutly, in the event, that I might die.

"Minutes, hours, days, weeks and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,"

and I still lived on. I ceased to pray, as I began to think "the prayers of the wicked availeth not," and yet I lived on, hoped on to die, but could not. There was a "still, small voice," ever whispering in my ear, "tis wrong to desire what can never be. Life, that is, ever was, and ever shall be, thou canst not destroy. The soul can be severed from the earthly form, but the Spirit from itself can not. 'Twill ever be the same—progressing only in intelligence and purity of mind. The soul, in and of itself, is pure; 'tis part and parcel of the Infinite. Thou canst not die. Live and be happy. Banish all gloomy thoughts, and wait for the hour of thy release. The change will not be what it seems, but be the reality of what is now to many—the unfolding of what seems to be—a mystery!" I tried to dispel the wish to leave this world, but ever and anon would the desire return. But I could not die, as I termed it then.

Twice have I been on the point of slipping my "cable-tow," and each time it seemed to me that I really had; and I thought I was soaring in regions of bliss indescribable—far beyond this beautiful world—for, to my perceptions then, this earth was beautiful indeed—as every plant and tree, every tiny blade of grass, bird, insect and animal, up to man, appeared to be clothed, each, in a peculiar light—grand and sublime in their ever-changing hues. The most extravagant and gorgeous tales I ever read, or sights beheld on this little earth, cannot compare with what I saw, and seemed to hear, as I moved on, with the speed of light, from one shining orb to another.

The comparison would be like a candle light to the noonday sun. The happy beings around me were transparent, as were all things else; but, not like those angelic forms, many of whom I knew. It seemed that they were surprised, and looked upon me as much as to say, "Thou art a stranger here." I thought to myself, "Yes; and I suppose you were all like me once. Is it so difficult to get acquainted here?" I was very much astonished to think that my thoughts were known, when some one replied to them, seemingly without speaking, as I appeared to feel their answer: "Yes; but when we came were disunited from our earthly tenement; thou art not. None become 'acquainted' but those who reside here. Thou hast been favored to behold, what all will see, and to feel a foreknowledge of what, to thee, is to come. Return from whence thou cam'st. Prepare thyself.

'Be thou pure as the mountain snow;
As thy soul upward tends;
Seek all truth and knowledge to know;
Spirits will be thy friends.

As gleams the sun at mid-day hour,
So the Essence Divine,
Expanding, with heavenly power,
The mind with thoughts sublime."

Two lovely beings were ever at my side, imparting truths which now begin to glimmer across my mind. I seemed to know what they thought, as they did not speak, without understanding how I knew. Many years have elapsed since then; all has been a perfect blank, and until within the last few years, I have not seen (Spiritually) anything. Why I did not, I cannot say, because I do not know. Doubtless, for a good purpose.

On the night of September 15th, 1853, I distinctly saw one of the two Spiritual forms that I had seen twenty-three years ago. I have been often in what is termed the clairvoyant state, within the last four or five years, by being manipulated by Dr. H., and very often spontaneously. But of the numberless angelic beings which I have seen, I never beheld, until the night of the 15th September, her, whose face was as familiar as if seen the day before. She charged me, particularly, not to let Mr. — magnetise me any more; that she would do so whenever it was necessary. I was amazed at what she said: "We will magnetise you!" I thought it a strange expression—"we," when I could see but one. "We will magnetise you now," which she did—or they did, I do not know which. It seemed to me that I saw every thing around very distinctly before she placed her hands upon me; but I was mistaken. I was not in that high Spiritual state, which is by me and others, I believe, seldom attained on earth; in fact, I may say, that I have been in that pure and exalted condition but twice in my life. There is a wide difference, in my opinion, between the Spiritual and Clairvoyant state; and many Spiritualists, doubtless, through ignorance—and others, through vanity and a foolish desire for display, being poorly developed—and some without any powers at all—confound the two states together.

Well, this Spiritual being magnetised me; and, as she passed her hands over my eyes, a delightful thrill pervaded my soul. The universe, or a portion thereof, seemed clothed in a flood of silvery light, interspersed here and there with golden hues, changing ever to the most beautiful tints; transcending, in its sublimity and grandeur, the wildest conceptions of colors that ever entered into the souls

of earth's greatest painters. Spiritual vision seemed to me exceedingly strange; clear and silvery threads of light appeared to be streaming out from me in all directions; darting, with lightning-like rapidity, wherever led by the soul's desire. It was some time before I could realize my condition.

At first I seemed to float along in a cloud of rosy light. I thought that I was scattered abroad like the wind, and I said, "Well, I suppose this is the end of all earthly, and perchance heavenly life."

I had thought that I was immortal; that I would perceive—aye, know of my individuality. But it seems I am sadly mistaken. My spirit or soul is about to be absorbed by the Great Author of All; and I am to fall back into chaos. No more shall I see those loved ones, whom once I knew; around whose souls I imagined affections were to grow for ever and for ever. No more shall I know of my earthly existence, which was, as I thought, to be a token and pledge from Deity of a distant immortality. All, all, will be swallowed up, and I shall be without the power to think—a passing breeze. O, God can it be so? Have I only been thy plaything for a moment, upon earth's chequered scene, and then swept off without any use for my advent, or design in my exit? And I thought of the poet's words:

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A Star of Day!"

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

Was the poet deceived? No. A change followed this state of agony to that of tranquility which was as sudden as it was delightful. I became conscious of what I was, and I said, "Yes, 'I am—that I am'—a Spirit individualized." Then it was that I fully understood my dual condition. I examined my earthly form, and the forms of my wife and child lying beside me in bed. I appeared to be far off, but seemingly comprehended my situation. 'Tis thoughts of early days flashed across my soul, and I said, "This, surely, is no dream; I know 'tis not." When a child, I remember to have passed through a like process. I then thought it was all a dream. It is now no longer a dream. I know that I am out of the earthly tenement, because I perceive it. I remember the horrors, as I thought them, of my first escape from my natural body, and I do not wonder now that I was laughed at when I spoke of what I thought were dreams of the Spiritual world. I was told by many that my brain was added; that I imagined these things; that sickness had weakened my mind; and some said, in just no doubt, to my kind mother, "How's your crazy boy?" and she would answer, "He's better, and as soon as he gets well, I think those flights of fancy will leave him." And so they did—to break out afresh in days of health and prosperity; for I never have had such remarkable good health as within the last four years. Will the rule apply in both instances; of seeing Spiritual beings when enabled by sickness, and then in good health? Can we be deceived in both cases? If so, of what worth to us are the human senses? what the Spiritual? Are they to be relied upon? I think so; but, in the language of Cicero, "If I am mistaken in my opinion that the human soul is immortal, I willingly err; nor would I have this pleasant error extorted from me; and if, as some minute philosophers suppose, death should deprive me of my being, I need not fear the railing of those pretended philosophers when they are no more." But, *non terrors*.

To be continued.

MISS KATE FOX.
FREE COMMUNICATIONS.

It is with pleasure that the Society for "The Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," informs the public of the return of Miss Fox from her summer tour in Canada and the West, as she resumes her labors at the Rooms of the Society, subject to the direction and pay of the same. She will in this, as in her former engagements, sit, without charge to the public, for the benefit of Skeptics or such Enquirers as are not yet convinced of the reality of Spirit-Intercourse, and know not the consolations of Spirit-Mediumship.

Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted.

The Society wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of converting the skeptical, rather than to contribute to the pleasure of the Spiritualistic believer, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are converted will not occupy the time of the Medium.

This change is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

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THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

As Mediums come into orderly and harmonious states, being elevated and purified in their aspirations and sympathies, disclosures breathing the spirit of the heroic and martyr ages of the world unfold in power and beauty from the heavens. Nothing, indeed, can afford a more positive assurance that a portion of the modern manifestations are in accordance with the strictest construction of the laws of Spiritual development, than the character of the communications themselves. Whatever nerves the arm and fires the heart to engage manfully in the battle of life, strengthening the weak, consoling the afflicted, encouraging the despondent, must be from the source of all good. And we are equally free to confess that the poverty and emptiness of much that comes to us from the Spirit-world, the weak and emaciated strains of fictitious harmony, that characterize the anti-Christian "philosophy" of the day, indicate that the channels through which they flow are opened into regions of disorder and delusive appearance, and not into the realms of truth and reality. We must judge men and media, spirits and spheres or states, by their fruits. And we believe experience will yet convince the earnest and truthful of all parties that all self-seeking is fruitless, and that Spiritual intercourse with such motives is forbidden by all Spiritual and Divine laws; since it is a perversion and a profanation. In truth, whenever we seek our brother or sister with merely selfish feelings, we corrupt and degrade both them and ourselves. The end must sanctify the means, which must also be upright and orderly.

It will also be found, that man invariably conjoins himself, both in natural and Spiritual associations, to those who correspond to his predominant states. If these be elevated and pure, such will be his companions. But the dead cannot aid the living; it is only those who have arisen to the higher life, and who are thence called the "Children of the Resurrection," who can draw upward their struggling brethren in the form. Now, man in his selfish nature corresponds to spheres or states which may be called Death and Night; but as to his moral nature, and so far as he is regenerate or born into the higher life, he corresponds to Light and Heaven. Hence, he who in obedience to the will, not of man, nor of the flesh, nor of Spirits in the interior who correspond to these terms, comes into receptive relations with the appointed agents of Spiritual illumination, is, by the very office and use he fulfills, guarded and sustained by the superior influence by which he is directed. We are obliged to insist upon this with such pertinacity, because it is so generally overlooked and disregarded; so many mediums and Spiritualists, seeking only the outward or nervous development by which they can be in rapport with Spirits, and forgetting the inner consecration, and heart and life devotion, necessary to its perfection. Hence they become outwardly developed, but as to the deep interiors of their minds, closed and hardened. It is for this reason that large portions of the communications of the Spiritual world are so utterly destitute of interior significance. Such mediums give us only the froth and scum of the Spiritual spheres. It is as though one should attempt to write a book merely by the use of grammar and dictionary, constructing words and phrases according to outward rules, without any inward thought or emotion; just as we see tyros in a foreign language, and little children in their own, talking not to convey ideas, but to show their command of the fluent vocables.

It is not a little amusing to see the Editor of one of our Spiritual Journals, with an air of the most perfect nonchalance, setting aside some communication from "Bacon" or "Franklin," "Byron" or "Washington," preferring to fill his columns with contributions of humbler minds still tabernacled in the flesh. Alas, 'tis a sad sight to see those who are hungering and thirsting for Spiritual nourishment, poring over piles of Spirit lore as empty as the East wind, seeking everywhere in vain for some thought inspired and warm, some fresh breathing from the flowers of paradise. Spiritualism is languishing for want of the divine element. Mediums fail to accomplish anything worthy of their office, because they so generally fail to penetrate beyond the uncertain borderland that separates the natural and Spiritual domains. They are like Pilgrims who should make a long journey to some sacred city of the Past, yet be content to linger in the suburbs, and return without beholding the wonders of art stored in the capitol or kneeling before the shrine that lured them from their far-off homes. But this will not always be. If the first embassy fail to bring a good and true report of the land, others will follow who will complete the work. In many a quiet family, modest and pious youth and maidens are being prepared by invisible agencies for a higher and more successful mission. The wisdom and beauty stored in the heavens will flow down; the heroic and martyr Spirits of other ages wait to descend and mingle again in the battle of life. The day of doubt and indecision wears away, and the morrow of stern conflict and final victory draws momentarily nearer. For, in truth, looking upon the progress of Spiritual manifestations, we may say with the inspired Poet,—

A whisper grows into a thunder-geal;
A spark becomes a flame that licks the stars;
A blood-drop chokes the heart, life's movement wheel;
And rust in time consumes the dungeon bars.

Neglected whispers of Eternal Right
Shall roll in thunder round the fallen world;
The trampled sparks of Disclosive Light
In firmaments of flame shall be unfurled.

The blood of martyred Saints shall still the march
And end the movement of revolving time;
The rust of evil rend the iron arch
That vaults the palace of imperial crime.

We intended only, when we sat down, to write a few lines introductory to the subjoined Poem, which though it makes no pretension to artistic perfection, yet breathes a Spirit firm and defiant, as if one of the old Martyrs of *For* had re-appeared to rehearse the story of his earthly fate. Rome, with other despotisms, both temporal and Spiritual, little knows what witnesses wait to impeach her cruel reign. The pale faces of her priests will be paler, and their downcast eyes droop still lower, when the light which is now dawning, flashes full upon their deeds. The Songs of the Martyrs, through inspired media, will ere long thrill the nations, chanted and sung by million-voiced throngs now swayed by papal superstitions. Let the following be considered as one of the first and faintest notes of that grand clarion peal that shall roll and reverberate from earth to heaven.

THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

I was old, I was poor, but my Spirit was brave,
For I knew my Redeemer was mighty to save.
I was racked by the foe, but I faltered not, true,
For my Spirit was mightier than they;
And I knew that no malice the soul could condemn,
Nor evil the heart bear away.
In the night I was tortured; my temples again
Were circled with fires for a crown,
And my Spirit was stronger than terror and pain,
But my body sank heavily down,
Till I fell in a trance on the dungeon's cold floor,
But my Spirit rose upward to love and adore.

Then an angel stood by me with robes like the sun,
And he gave me the cross and the palm;
And he whispered, "The sands of thy torture shall run
But a moment,—be patient and calm."
And I saw in the skies a bright portal whose doors
With music were opening afar;
And I saw in the sky a bright mansion whose floors
Were paved with an end and with star;
And the angel again whispered sweet in my heart,
"The glory is opening for thee,
Yet a moment of pain and thy soul shall depart
From its dust with our Savior to be."

I awoke, and the moon shimmered red through the grates,
And I rose from the floor of my cell,
And the jailer drew nigh me and said, "There awaits
Thee a mass, and a candle and bell,
Then faggot and fire, and the heretic's hell."

I knew little more till I stood by the stake:
The flame flickered pale like the fangs of a snake.
Soon beneath me the death fires were struggling and rolling,
Around me the doom-bells were tolling and tolling;
Anear me the air glimmered wildly and red;
Above me the smoke like a death-pall was spread.

Then swiftly descended a mantle of light,
And folded the cloud and the death fire from sight,
And I stood all unharmed in the midst of the burning,
And while the poor dust to the dust was returning,
I spoke through the body in triumph and smiled,
And my smile was all calm, and my words were all mild.

Then slowly I rose from my vesture of clay,
And above me unfolded the portals of day,
And around me a multitude, spotless and white,
With anthems triumphant moved on,
And they sang as they rose through the regions of light,
"Thou hast kept the true Faith! Thou hast fought the good fight,"

Now rejoice, for the victory's won!"
Thus rising, I entered the world where the Angels
Were chanting aloud their victorious songs;
Around me the atmosphere shone like a sun;
Beneath me still waters seemed gently to run;
And in the pure ether and on the bright plains
Moved glorified Spirits, whose love rose in strains
That in the full chorus, triumphant and glorious,
Gave praise to the Lord in his saints all victorious;
And now I beheld all the holy ones more,
Encircled with splendors of light and of love;
And each hand of the holy in music passed by,
Singing, "Welcome, thrice welcome, thou child of the sky;
We saw thee, we loved thee, and thine grief bowed thee down;
We hail thee, we greet thee, and thine is the crown."

Still rising, my Spirit ascended and stood
Where glory outrolled 'neath my feet like a flood.
The vault of a temple was glorious on high,
And heavens shone there like the stars in the sky;
Within it encompassed with radiance of gold,
A throne was unfolded too bright to behold;
When, lo, from the midst of the light of the Throne,
The Savior I loved and I worshipped outshone,
And He said, "Enter into the joy of my rest,
Thou wert tried, and wast faithful—and now thou art blest."

—Hesperus.

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

In reading the life of Swedenborg prefixed to the "Compendium" of his works, I was struck with the following passage:

"In the course of conversation Tuxen produced the autobiographical letter that Swedenborg had written to Harly, and which begins, 'I was born in the year 1689.' Swedenborg told him that he was not born in that year as mentioned, but in the preceding. Tuxen asked him whether this was an error of the press, but he said no; and added, 'You may remember in reading my writings, to have seen it stated in many parts, that every cypher or number has in the Spiritual sense a certain correspondence or signification.' 'Now,' said he, 'when I put the true year in that letter, an angel told me to write the year 1689, as much more suitable to myself than the other; and 'you observe,' answered the angel, 'that with us time and space are nothing.'"

This is a most curious fact, and is not without its significance and instruction. I cannot but think that it was permitted, that we might see clearly and distinctly that the discrete degrees of nature and spirit must always be preserved. Spirits cannot reason or testify concerning things upon the natural plane. They live in the Spiritual sphere, and cannot follow out consequences in the natural world. And for this reason we can never take them as guides and counselors in worldly affairs.

A few days since I heard of a circumstance which interested me very much. Two brothers were engaged in business. The elder one died. He had been in communication with the Spirit-world before his death; and after his death the brother who had been a perfect sceptic upon the subject of Spiritual communications, came most unexpectedly into open intercourse with his brother in the Spirit-world. Of course there were many subjects upon which he wished to be informed. To these questions the Spirit brother returned the most satisfactory answers. He told of the pleasant life that was leading—of the investigations he was pursuing in his favorite studies, the Classics and Egyptian Antiquities. He told of the progress the old Greeks were making in art, and the curious and wonderful things he was learning concerning the hieroglyphics and early history of the Egyptians. He said that his life was so delightful in the Spirit world, that nothing could tempt him back to the earth. In the course of time some difficulty arose in the business which the two brothers had carried on together. A large contract had been entered into with one of the unfortunate sufferers of the great railroad accident, and his life was despaired of. Under these circumstances the younger brother had recourse to the elder who was in the Spirit-world. But the Spirit manifested the greatest indignation by a storm of knocks; and when his excitement cooled down, simply replied, "in all such matters be governed by your rational convictions."

I felt the greatest respect for this scholarly and gentlemanly Spirit; for he had come into a true perception of things, and saw that the objects of sense were the legitimate province of the reason. And he as a Spirit could form no judgment of things which did not appeal to his consciousness. This convinces me that Spirits should never be consulted as to the acts of our outer lives. They may tell us all that they will of the beautiful inner life, and I will rejoice to hear it. But the free will with which our Lord has endowed us, should never be yielded to any created being. The Lord leads us through Spirits, but always as free agents; an intuitive perception, a prompting thought, or a flowing into our minds. But the Providence of the Lord is also in the outer circumstances, and these external circumstances appealing to our common sense, our reason must modify the intuition.

Thus Swedenborg, who was writing simply the external fact of his birth, about which the angels could not think, but of which Dr. Harly would think, should have written the true year, otherwise he would mislead the natural thought of the man without conveying to him the Spiritual perception of the angel. And in this way even a pure and good Spirit might lead men into false positions and into saying absurd and foolish things. I would illustrate the idea by saying that an illiterate cook, working in his own sphere, might show more wisdom than the most learned scholar. And if the scholar should descend from his library to the kitchen, to meddle with the sphere of the cook, he might commit the most absurd blunders.

A new era is dawning upon the earth. This Spiritual intercourse is as yet in its lowest phase, and the inexperience of its subjects, and the want

of knowledge as to the true relations of man and Spirit, will undoubtedly lead to many troubles. But the Divine Word in the external is the test and gauge of all relations concerning Spiritual things. And our reason enlightened by the Lord from within and guided by His Providence from without, is to control our actions; under no circumstances are we to depend upon the advice of Spirits. Human souls must now look fixedly to the Lord, and retain their freedom of action, thought and feeling.

The following passage in a letter from Swedenborg to Dr. Oettinger upon the subject of miracles as confirmatory of his mission, throws some light upon the uses of the present state of Spiritual intercourse:

"The sign, given at this day, will be an illustration, and thence a knowledge and reception of the truth of the New Church; some speaking illustration of certain persons may likewise take place; this works more effectually than miracles."

This, then, is the true object of the rappings; it is an attestation of the inner world revealed by Swedenborg, brought down to the lowest plane and the most external men. Many persons who would utterly reject the higher revelations of Swedenborg, are yet convinced that there is "some thing in these things," and here is a plane of the human mind opened which makes it more possible for man to receive the pure and holy truth revealed through Swedenborg.

I lately lent the "Four Doctrines" to a gentleman whom I highly esteem; he read the book with great interest, and told me that he was "delighted to find Swedenborg such an EVANGELICAL man, that he proved every thing from the Bible." "But," said he, "I cannot and will not believe anything as to his Spiritual intercourse; for that is contrary to nature, and I will never believe anything that is contrary to nature."

Alas, this is the misfortune of man; he is chained by his senses, bound down to nature. And yet it is not only "Spirit rappings" that are helping to lift man's thoughts above this leaden nature. If the old puritans had been told of the telegraph, they might with equal reason have replied that instantaneous communication must be rejected, because it was contrary to nature. To send from New York to New Orleans half an hour ahead of time, would have been to them quite as foolish a thing to prophesy, as it is now to prophesy to the mere natural man, that the day is coming when communication with the Spirit-world will be a simple, well-attested, incontrovertible matter of fact. The natural man asks, "What good will it do?" When Columbus talked of a new world, the wise and the learned thought the old world was quite enough to satisfy the wants of man, and yet a gloire civilization dawned upon the old world at the discovery of the new.

—From the Buffalo Republic, Nov. 20.

SPIRITUALISM—THE SECOND BIRTH.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta furnishes the following narrative to that paper of the experience of a Spiritualist. We publish it by request, as one of the curious things of the day.

"All the medical attendants had given me up.—It was night, and four hours I had tossed in anguish on my burning bed. A fever raged in my blood; intolerable pangs tormented me. The long, dark night crept slowly by. The moon, pale and wan, went down, and the cold and dreary darkness melted into morn. I heard the watcher's whisper, 'He is dying!' A cool wind came and breathed upon me, and then a hand of ice seemed clutching at my heart. A sharp electric shock shot through my feeble frame, and my limbs tossed and quivered for an instant like the branches of a tree swept by a sudden storm. This passed away, and then all pain left me. A calm stole over my senses—a deep refreshing tranquility as sweet and holy as that which holds the shaded waters of a sleeping lake. I strove to speak. The crisis of my disorder I past, thought I; this delightful calm, this sweet freedom from pain, what is it but the sure token of nature's victory over the ill disease which has so long tormented me! I strove to speak, but my tongue refused to obey me. I tried to press the dear hand I had in mine, but in vain; I sought to open my eyes and look my beloved in the face, but I was helpless. All my limbs were paralyzed; I could not move a fibre—I lay as motionless as a marble statue. I am very weak, thought I, but presently I will be stronger. So I lay resigned, patiently waiting for the return of that vigor of which the violence of my disorder had robbed me. The sudden transition from acute anguish to a state of calm and painless tranquility produced the most delightful sensations. Cheerful and contented in spirit, I lay dreaming of the future. The daylight grew stronger, and the sun shone brightly through the window. I knew this, though my eyes were closed, for a soft rosy cloud floated before them, and I heard without the matin of the birds. The song of the birds ceased, and all was silent save the distant tolling of the bell, which with a sweet and mournful sound fell faintly on my ear. It reminded me of the grave, and I thanked God who had broken the violence of my disorder and rescued me from death. At length some one came into the room. I heard their soft footsteps stealing over the threshold. They came and stood beside my bed; they folded my hands upon my breast, and then one said to the other, 'he is dead!' The whispered words fell like thunder upon my ear, 'he is dead!' Can they mean me? No, no; I am not dead. I thought of the tolling bell I had heard, and said to myself, it is some one else of whom they speak."

I listened; all was silent for an instant, and then I felt the tears of her I love falling on my face; her long, dark hair trailed upon my brow, and her kiss was on my lip. Sobbing, she fell upon my breast, and then the others whispered together, and bore her away. Ah, now, I knew I was dead!—For a moment all reflection was lost; amazement and wonder froze my faculties into inaction, but soon the instinct of reason awoke, and roused my mind from its lethargy. Dead! dead! Can I be dead? I asked myself. I tried to move, but my limbs were rigid and immovable as iron. I tried to ascertain whether my heart beat, but I could feel no sensation which indicated its action, and my hands, folded upon my breast, could not detect the slightest sensation. I was not even conscious of breathing. My chest was motionless, and my blood seemed to stand still in my veins. But I thought and reasoned as clearly as ever; I could feel when my body was touched; I was conscious of the draught of air from the windows open at my bedside, and my ears conveyed with the greatest clearness and precision every sound which occurred in the room. The soft footsteps of those who stole about the apartment—their whispered words—the ticking of my watch which lay on the bureau, and the faint tolling of the bell without, all were distinctly heard.

Gradually, a terrible idea stole upon me. I tried to fight it off; but it would come and stand before me, compelling my assent, I am not dead, but in a trance, and, oh, God! they will bury me alive! Filled with horror, I again strove to speak—to cry out, to move, but in vain. My will was powerless; its scepter had been taken away; its commands were no longer obeyed.

For hours—it seemed years—I lay filled with terrible apprehensions; I listened to every sound, and my fears clothed the slightest noises with horrible significance. My imagination revealed in gloomy anticipation, and I pictured to myself again and again the terrors of a living tomb, and the fearful return to animation which awaited me in the grave.

They appeared my body for the tomb; despair took possession of my soul, and yielding up all hope, I resolved to bravely meet my fate—suffer and die. This was followed by a feeling of apathy almost amounting to unconsciousness. How long I lay in this state, I know not; but after a time, my attention was attracted by a curious change, which was progressing within me. A cluster of beautiful colors, blue and purple, mixed with fringes of golden and silver light, seemed floating before my closed eyes.—A soft, white cloud next appeared, which expanded and brightened, until by its light, I beheld bending over me, dim and indistinct, a form—it was the form of my beloved; but my eyes were closed, and I could not speak to her. The light grew stronger; and at length the whole room wherein I lay dressed for the grave, was illuminated, and I beheld all things about me with the greatest distinctness, but my eyes were still closed, and I could not move hand nor foot. My wonder at this novel phenomena was increased when I observed that my sight was not confined to the line of vision, or what would have been the line of vision, had my eyes been open; I could see on both sides of me and behind me, through the back parts of my head, equally well and at the same moment.—But this peculiarity did not so much astonish me as another, which now began to exhibit itself. The walls of my room seemed to grow transparent, and I saw the green fields without, and the groves, hills, dales, and streams, for miles away, flashing in the light of day. All sensation had now left me. I no longer felt the tears that fell upon my face, or heard with my ears the words spoken at my bedside; but I knew when they spoke, for I beheld the motion of their lips, and I understood what they said, for I felt their words sounding in my soul, like the silent voice of my own thoughts.

How long this strange state lasted, I know not, but at length, all things vanished. I no longer saw lay, nor the landscape without; a bright golden cloud seemed to overshadow them and me. I beheld them no more.

Then I heard a voice speaking from out of the midst of the cloud, saying: "Blessed are all the children of death, for they shall be redeemed." I heard the words of the voice, and my soul was filled with awe within me, and I beheld amid the sea of golden light in which I seemed to float, an angel standing beside me; his eyes were fixed upon his mind, and his hand rested upon my elbow. A strange numbness seized all my members, and looking steadfastly on the eyes of the angel, I became unconscious, and knew no more.

Slowly I returned to consciousness. The same golden light floated about me, but soon it rolled away like a curtain. The angel was gone, and I was yet in the room where I "fell asleep."

I stood upon my feet; beside my bed and upon it lay my body, cold, motionless, and dead. Fear and surprise filled my soul; the novelty of my position terrified me. I knew not whether I was in the body or out of the body, whether the cold, pallid, motionless form that lay before me was myself, or whether it was I who stood upright beside, gazing upon it. I said, I will solve this mystery.—That body which is my own, will obey the mandates of my will.

I concentrated my mind, and tried to raise the cold, dead form, which, clad in garments of the grave, lay before me. I tried, by the power of my will, to make it sit up and look about, but my will had no power upon it. I raised my hand to my head; ah! this body obeys the commands of my will; yet, what am I? where am I? exclaimed my soul in wonder and amazement.

Some one now entered the room—it was my brother. I advanced to meet him; I spoke to him, but he neither saw nor heard me, yet I stood close by his side, and might have touched him. I was perplexed and troubled—thoughts "beyond the reach of my soul" crowded upon me. I felt as though my reason was about to lose its seat. Then it was, that I heard a voice saying, "Fear not, thou art born again." I turned, and beheld approaching with smiling countenance, one whose form I had seen long years before consigned to the silent tomb. He clasped my hand, a divine welcome fell from his lips, and he drew me gently away.

—From the North-Western Orient.

LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

Sunday evening, I heard Mr. Harris on Spiritual Manifestations. The plot thickens in that convective. He is now becoming only the tongue of Spirits, who speak through him. He tells us that before many months these manifestations will be of a new and marvelous kind. Wondrous things are to be done. I want light. Where shall I find it? Certain great media are to be trained for this mission. The Lord is going to raise new prophets, such as the world never saw before; and the people of this country, said he, are specially appointed to a grand purpose in the providence of the Ruler of the World, to give light and a new Revelation. "God will be incarnate in Humanity." This Mr. H. said on the authority of Spirits. I hardly know what the phrase expresses, and yet I feel its power.

The above we copy from the *Christian Spiritualist*. It is an extract from a letter, dated at Springfield, under the initials T. D. H. The writer is in process of development as a medium, and the discipline to which he has been subjected by his Spirit guardians is highly instructive, but we have no room for further copy. The writer does not comprehend the meaning of the words heard in the discourse from the highly gifted T. L. Harris, to which he alludes in the above extract. We would shed the light we have received upon its interpretation.

A youth is now living upon earth unknown to man, and to those Spirits who at this time are most generally in communication with us. He is the type of a perfect man. He is a sample, to which the race shall ultimately attain. He is under the guardianship of celestials, and is in process of developing his physical, by due and appropriate exercises. He has a brain with new organs, affording a broader forehead and a higher reverence. He is supposed to be at this time about ten years of age. At twelve years he will give token of remarkable mental endowments.

He is in the United States. He will possess powers of which men now have no conception. The wonders wrought by Jesus will be thrown into the shade, by the more wonderful, which shall be witnessed, from this person, and his twelve principal mediums who are also in process of preparation for the work assigned them. These twelve, are also, as yet in obscurity. This youth will be prepared to act at the time of the greatest need. He will restore order from the confusion which shall arise in our country. The process of purification must first be here endured; and when the paroxysm shall have passed, then will restoratives

be judiciously administered by this person and his associates. This our country, is the Kingdom which the Lord of Heaven shall set up, which shall break in pieces all other kingdoms. Here is the nursery of mediums which shall affect the purposes assigned, from aforetime, by the supreme designer. Here is the New Jerusalem, from whence shall issue the law. Many thousands of lesser mediums are also at this time under Spirit tutors, being prepared for service, who have no thoughts that they are being thus disciplined. When wars and revolutions shall have prepared the way, they will go forth to heal the nations, to establish political and religious freedom, and to bring into unity all people; to humble all that are exalted, and to bring down those that are lifted up. "For God alone shall be exalted in that day."

—From the Spirit Advocate.

A TEST FOR SKEPTICS.

The following communication was written in my presence, by the hand of a medium who had no knowledge of the individual whose name was given, and who did not know what was written until I read it to her. I had never known that such an individual had lived, as E. Jenkins, and when the name was written, I inquired of the medium—she did not know. I then asked the Spirit if he would inform us who he was and where he lived. He replied, "Mrs. T.—can tell you." Inquiry was made of Mrs. T., and she said she had known a young preacher of that name—a nephew of Elder Rodgers—but she did not know that he was in the Spirit world. She once heard him preach a most interesting sermon on prayer.

From whence came the intelligence that produced the communication? It certainly was not my mind or the mind of the medium, and there was no other person in the room or near.—Ed.

PRAYER.—What is prayer? It is the bowing of the Spirit to that invisible Deity that pervades every human breast. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Let us look for the proof. What finger pointed out and holds in their places the myriads of bright stars that adorn the dusky robe of night? What hand but that of Deity could hold the flaming orb of day in its loving kindness, to short what hand but the hand of God could hold creation up? Is there a God!

Yes!—thunders the mighty ocean;
Yes!—whispers the little flower.

Then, if there is a God, should we not pray to him? Yes, pensive soul, breathe the sorrowing, hopeful prayer of day in its loving kindness, he will be light and there will be light. And the bright angels will bear the sweet incense to his shrine, and on the swift wings of love will return to thee bringing light—the light of love; and in this light thou shalt see a new heaven opened, even the heaven of Progression. And seven angels shall appear unto you, and they shall represent the seven spheres. The two first shall come forward and say unto you, behold, at our feet is the crown of thorns, which we have placed for the lamb of God; in our right hand we hold the spear with which to pierce him; and in our left the wormwood and the gall. And the next two angels shall come and say, the arm of the Almighty is about us; by his loving kindness he sustains us. Glory to God in the highest, and good will on earth to man. And the next two shall come with garments whiter than any fuller on earth can white them; and they will not speak to you. Their faces will be turned heavenward. Then the seventh and last angel shall come; his face will outshine the sun; in his hands he will hold a golden harp; and on his brow will be a crown of light, and he will say, behold, I have seen the face of the Most High; and the unnumbered hosts of heaven will shout, glory, glory to God forever and ever. Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

E. JENKINS.

—From the Saturday Evening Post.

INTERMARRYING OF RELATIONS.

MR. EDITOR: If I am not mistaken, I saw, recently, in the *Post*, a short editorial article—or notice of an article—on the marrying of cousins, and the effects of this consanguinity upon their offspring—which has suggested some thoughts upon the above subject, that I will here give to your readers.

And I will remark, in the first place, that there are two general results, as regards what is termed "mixing," among animals and vegetables, the very reverse of each other. Animals of all kinds, from man down, improve by intermixing; but vegetables deteriorate. Experience and observation have fully confirmed this, in numberless instances.

But though animals improve, yet the intermixing of men and women, nearly related, will generally cause deterioration; or, as Walker terms it, "breeding in and in" will cause it—and which he has abundantly illustrated in his work, "On Marriage." And not only that, but it is the cause of numberless diseases—almost all that "flesh is heir to," which often become hereditary; and of almost every kind of malformation and defect of organization. I have now several families and cases in view, with some of whom I have personal acquaintance, in which some of these results followed, that could be traced to no other cause. In a family, nearly related to me, one of the members is afflicted with incurable insanity, and the minds of the others appear to be badly balanced. In this, cousin married, and a daughter they had married her cousin, who had several children, all of whom died while young!

I am well acquainted with a gentleman who married his cousin; and they had nine children, of whom four are idiots! The minds of the others were illy balanced. I was also acquainted with some members of a large family connection in Maury County, Tennessee, who, in order to keep their property in it—as they had a good deal—intermarried until the evils of it were so manifest, and became so great, that they held a meeting among themselves, and passed resolutions not to intermarry any more!

If my limits permitted, I could go on and give many other cases, in which insanity, blindness, deafness, dumbness, malformation, &c., were the results. Any one who will consult the reports and statistics of Lunatic, Blind, and Deaf and Dumb Asylums, will be abundantly convinced of what we have here asserted.

In Europe, the Royal Families and the Nobility have intermarried, until in point of mind and talents, they have, as a body, fallen below mediocrity! Look at the idiotic and insane George III., and the predisposition to insanity of Queen Victoria! Look at the Nobility of England now, and see the degeneracy among them, their impotency, and their incapacity for military, civil and political office!

I admit that there are exceptions to these results, of near relations intermarrying, and cases where the offspring manifest more mind than ordinary; but these are only isolated instances. Where there is a difference in the parties nearly related that marry, as to temperament, &c., bad effects will not so often follow; and even the opposite will sometimes be the case, and the children be unusually sprightly and talented.

Indeed, I regard a difference of temperament, in all cases, whether related or not, as important to insure good mental and physical constitutions to children. For instance, a man of sanguineous bilious temperament should not marry a woman with the same kind of temperament, as it will have a

tendency to increase it in their offspring, or it may be allowed the expression, to provide for great an intensity; but he should marry a woman with the opposite temperament; and vice versa. To make our meaning plain, a man with black eyes and hair, and dark complexion, should marry a woman with blue eyes, light hair, and fair skin. Let near relations cease intermarrying, and these hints be generally acted upon, and no doubt the human race would soon be greatly improved.

—PHILANTHROPE.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Jameson says: It is granted as a principle that ample scope should be given for the means of instruction to enable him to perform his well. What provision is made to enable the woman to do her work well and efficiently? It is wanting in our women, any more than dauntless bravery in our men. But something is wanting, and extended social benefits would arise. What is wanting is more moral courage, more common sense on the part of our legislators. If men were better educated, they would sympathize in the necessity of giving a better education to women. They would perceive the wisdom of applying, on a large and efficient scale, the means of health, strength and progress, which lie in the greater capacities of the gentler sex—material, mental, and as yet wasted in desultory, often misdirected efforts, or perishing inert, or fermenting to despair. Lying at the source of the mischief, we trace a great mistake and a great want. The great mistake seems to have been that in all our legislation it is taken for granted that the woman is always protected, always under tutelage, always within the precincts of a home; finding there her work, her interests, her duties and her happiness—but is this true? We know that it is altogether false!

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING.

Scarcely a week goes by, that we are not called upon to record some sad calamity in social life, the result of extravagance in living. The evil is one of the vices of the times. The old-fashioned system of living within one's means, is repudiated, and high rents and magnificent furniture are in order of the day. In the old time moderation and economy formed the basis on which the poor were disposed to act. But now, it is far otherwise. The young man who thinks of matrimony, calculates a cost of one or two thousand, and then looks accordingly. The consequence is that very few can venture. They are deterred by the prospect before them, and are induced to hold back. In their venture, how often do they struggle on year or two, and then discover that they have made a mis-step, and are either compelled to trench or involve themselves in ruin. Well, it is not to be wondered at if the Reformers of the day undertake the cure of this social evil. It is one of a truly serious character, and its consequences are often deplorable. Young ladies, too, are taught by the same system, that of wild extravagance, to expect impossibilities. There are many a dozen daughters living in good style under a protection of a father, and each expects, on coming to, to eclipse everything at home. A young man who is prudent and moderate, is pronounced narrow and mean, while a spend-thrift, or a big game is too often regarded as exactly the thing. Late hours, large parties, abundance of wine, other luxuries, are now regarded as among the essentials of genteel society, and without the everything is voted common place and vulgar. The whole is not only hollow and artificial, but it is demoralizing. In the first place, it is a waste of money; the second, dissipation; in the third, neglect of business and of the duties of life. The story has been told again and again, but the vice still exists. There is scarcely a man who cannot point out some sad example in his immediate neighborhood and among his most intimate friends. Only a few days ago, a fashionable man in a neighboring city, was sold out by the sheriff. The members of his family had committed the error of the hour, had advanced beyond their depth, lived above their means; hence the catastrophe, and this is no extraordinary case. The folly of extravagance may be traced on all sides, and in individuals too, who are difficult to make at fault—sometimes the husband is at fault, and sometimes the wife, and again both. False pride and a desire to create a sensation, bewilder and lead astray. It is too difficult to be modest and moderate when others are inflated and excited. The penalty, however, is often fearful; and when some adversity encountered and the blow falls suddenly—how difficult it is to wrestle with misfortune! Moderation is a saving virtue, it should be practiced daily and hourly; moderation, not only in speech and tone, but in temper, in prejudice and in expenditure. Alas! for the many who have repented, too late, of the excesses of the hour, and who are now in the clutches of poverty, and the madness of an old age. Alas! for the hundreds who are now lying on wildly and blindly, and who by reason of extravagance, are sowing the seeds of their own harvest. The day of reckoning may be at hand.—Penn. Inquirer.

THE CHILD ANGEL.—Death has closed these eyes and forever shrouded their bright glances. How sweetly she sleeps, that little coveted one. How lightly curl the glossy ringlets on her forehead! You could weep your very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never, never unclose. Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, deathly hand that wandered so very often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glances strive to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. That sweet as winds blowing through wreath and garland, and slumbers forever. And still the busy little knockers at your door will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear, it smiles in your face, it meets you at the coffin, at the grave, in its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in empty room from whence you have borne your dear and dead. But it comes never in the hush of night, to wipe away your tears! In the solemn silence, the grave we feel the force of the sickening sorrow which hangs heavily upon the heart as though would press it down into that narrow space of earth, which the Spirit dwells in mournful suspense. A brighter vision meets the eye. Can you look on Can you bear the splendor of that slight but thousand celestial beings, and your radiant angel in the midst of them?